

Now Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?

When every thing is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

FAL. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow,

an arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extreme^mest inch of possibility^v:

I have foundered nine-score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy^v:

But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded^d: that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome⁴,

-----1 came, saw, and overcame.

P. JOHN. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FAL. I know not^t: here he is, and here I yield him^m: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot^t: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me^e: and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element⁵,

which show like pins' heads to her^r: believe not the word of the noble^e: Therefore let me have right,

and let desert mount.

P. JOBN. Thine's too heavy to mount.

4 — the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,] The
quarto reads—
" the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, *their co*sin' I
have followed
the folio. Some of the modern editors read, but
without autho-
rity—" the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, *there*,
Cesar"

5 — cinders of the element,] A ludicrous term
for the stars.

STEEVENS.

STEEVENS.